THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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Here and There.

IT is reported that a diplomatic rupture between France and Spain is imminent.

The Queen, it is stated, has intimated her intention of opening the Thames Embankment from Westminster to Blackfriars, the entire route, on Wednesday, the 13th inst.

The grand review in honour of her Majesty's visit to Aldershot, to-day, will take place on Cove-common, at four p.m. The Queen and suite will arrive by railway about noon. After the review the Queen will return by train to Windsor.

The Queen has intimated her intention of privately visiting the Workmen's International Exhibition on Monday morning next. The Princesses Louise and Beatrice will probably accompany her Majesty. As by the Royal command the visit will be strictly a private one, no strangers will, under any circumstances, be admitted to the Agricultural Hall on Monday, nor, in fact, on any other day before the public opening of the exhibition on the 16th inst.

The marriage of the Earl of Derby with the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury took place on Tuesday morning, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. The marriage was unusually private, only the nearest relatives of the contracting parties being present.

On Thursday the fête in honour of M. le Vicomte de Lesseps, planned by the directors of the Crystal Palace, came off in the building and its grounds, under the most favourable conditions that could have been desired. The day was magnificent; and the night, which was more important still, worthily followed the day. The fireworks, which were upon an exceptionally grand scale, opened with an Egyptian salute of two hundred coloured lights, and included an illumination of the entire park and gardens, and a special device in honour of M. de Lesseps.

The sum of 420*l.* has been paid to the treasurers of St. George's Hospital by Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Freake, as the proceeds of a concert given by them at Cromwell House, South Kensington.

The Crown having withdrawn the charges of felony against Boulton and Park, the Court of Queen's Bench has granted a writ of *certiorari* for the removal of the trial of the minor indictment into that court from the Old Bailey. The case will, therefore, not come on until the after term sittings in December next. Bail is to be taken for the appearance of the prisoners—Boulton in two sureties of 250*l.* each, and himself in 1,000*l.*; Park in the same amount of personal recognisance, and two sureties of 500*l.* each.

The show in the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society, on Wednesday and Thursday, included works of artistic decoration, as well as flowers and fruit. A pretty effect was gained in the spacious amphitheatrical marquee by the arrangement of the tables, allowance being made in the height of the objects for the difference between standing and sitting. The first prize for ladies, won by Miss E. Blair, was conspicuous for its lightness and grace; and there was a general evidence of improved taste and skill in the other decorative designs. The Princess of Teck distributed the medals among the successful lady-competitors. Among the rare and curious growths, the pitcher plants were in great force of numbers and variety. The fruit exhibition was especially fine, strawberries and cherries having attained such dimensions as are, if not actually unprecedented, very surprising. The pines, too, were remarkable for size as well as symmetry; and some that were grown and shown in pots were of extraordinary merit.

Jacob William Luning died on the 23rd of June, 1870, aged 103 years, one month, and four days. It happens that this life was insured in the Equitable Assurance Society, and the age stated corresponds with the age—namely 32—given when the insurance was effected in the year 1799. The late Sir G. Cornewall Lewis doubted whether any instance of a male having attained the age of 100 years could be satisfactorily shown; but, as it is clearly against the interest of a person effecting an insurance to make himself out older than he really is, the most sceptical on the subject should accept this case of Mr. Luning's as almost conclusive evidence of the fact. We may further mention a fact of insurance of general interest—namely, that this policy will receive nearly six and a half times the amount originally insured, the largest addition ever paid by the Equitable, and we doubt not, also, the largest that was ever paid in the history of life insurance.

A clerk in the employ of the East India Company recently penned the following lines to his official superior: "Honoured sir, I humbly beg you will excuse my not attending office this date, 'cause I got a boil as per margin." In the margin of the letter a sketch of the boil was drawn out, and the writer went on to say, "The breadth of paper being short, I have planned the boil small; but it is double the size."

As an instance of the economy which Mr. Baxter has infused into the Admiralty, we may mention that official communications are no longer written on a sheet of paper, but upon a half-sheet. The quality appears to be inferior, as the paper is not adapted to pass through the copying machines now in use. The clerks are not *au fait* in striking off copies, or can the ink be cheap and nasty? Whatever may be the cause, the writing at Whitehall might be improved.

La femme d'un paysan israélite est en train d'accoucher dans un petit village de l'Alsace; mais les souffrances augmentent sans que le patiente puisse être délivrée. Le médecin de l'endroit y perd son latin.

A la fin l'cependantil s'avise de demander au mari de quelle religion il est.

"Je suis juif, dit-il."

"Il fallait le dire tout de suite! fit le docteur."

Et, tirant de sa poche un écu de cent sous, il le pose sur le bord du lit.

L'enfant, attiré par ce métal irrésistible, fit son entrée dans le monde et la mère fut délivrée.

A Columbus photographer presented a revolver at the head of a gentleman who was sitting for his photograph, with the cheering remark:—"My reputation as an artist is at stake. If you don't look smiling I'll blow your brains out." He smiled.

A Manx cat, which had been taken about six weeks by rail from Edinburgh to Glasgow, wrapped up in a bag, left its temporary abode in Glasgow three weeks ago, and arrived on Monday at its former residence, Viewforth-road, Edinburgh. Its reception, however, was most unfortunate, it having been attacked on its arrival by a strange dog, and was driven away from the door, pursued, and nearly worried.

A Leicester correspondent writes:—"We understand that on Sunday, the 29th of May, one of our Leicester clergy preached a most able and eloquent sermon upon the text, 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church.' After explaining to his congregation that, as he was not very conversant with Saints' days, he had made a mistake in the day, and found, when too late, that he had anticipated the festival of St. Peter by a month."

The Continental Press teems with apocryphal anecdotes of the late Charles Dickens. Here are two samples:—On the occasion of one of his midnight walks, the great novelist observed a lady of respectable appearance following him. Night after night she followed him, and if ever the novelist approached her she hastened away, startled and confused. At last they met face to face, and the lady declared, in great agitation, "Charles Dickens, you have done me much injury. I can no more rest. Look at me, so that you may remember me, for I desire to be remembered. You will see me no more." Mr. Dickens soon afterwards ascertained that she was the wife of a colonel in the Indian army. In a few days came a casket of ebony and ivory to the novelist, containing a portrait of the lady, a lock of her hair, and this note:—"I have loved you madly. But the love I have given to you I owe to another. I am of my own free will going to another world, where I may think of you without treachery. Pity me." It was signed, "The Lady of the Other Night." Mr. Dickens flew to her house, to find that she was dead, with a dagger in her heart. Another of these stories is of a female of a more aggressive character. This woman led a scandalous life, but presumed to fall in love with the novelist, and to write him ardent letters, to which he sent no reply. The woman determined on revenge, and tried to stab the novelist as he was coming out of a theatre. But such was the humanity of Charles Dickens, that his only desire was to save the unfortunate woman from the legal consequences of her infatuation. He snatched her from the witnesses of her attempted crime; thrust her into his own carriage; put his coachman in with her to keep her quiet (oh, most benevolent coachman!) and himself ascended the box, took the whip, and drove away.

Several complaints have lately been made of the conduct of the park-keepers in Regent's-park. Whether these complaints are well founded or not, there can be no doubt that Regent's-park, like the other parks, might with advantage be placed under the charge of the police. It is not prudent to leave 450 acres of ground in which crime and vice may wander unchecked but for the presence of a few men in green coats, who, without organisation or resources, are helpless to protect the public, and indeed have lately been accused of extorting money from them. Since cricket has been allowed in the park large crowds assemble there, and on Saturday evenings numbers of roughs are attracted to the spot by the volunteers, with whose movements they greatly interfere. The time has arrived when the various walks in this park should be regularly patrolled by police constables; and Mr. Ayrton will be doing a good service if, when he has finished purifying the Serpentine, he will turn his attention to Regent's-park, which also requires a little purification of another kind.

According to the *Philadelphia Ledger*, Mr. Disraeli, in a second edition of *Blackwood*, replies sharply to the criticisms made on "Lothair" in that magazine.

Richard Weaver, the converted collier, was on Tuesday adjudged before the county magistrates at Macclesfield to be the father of the illegitimate child of Sarah Lean, the daughter of a farmer, who was a nurse in Weaver's house. Evidence having been given to show that Weaver had acted improperly with the plaintiff, the defendant was examined. He admitted that he had frequently kissed the plaintiff, but denied any further improper familiarity. After a hearing which extended over three hours, the magistrates decided that the charge against Weaver was proved, and made an order for payment of 5s. a-week for the first six weeks towards the maintenance of the child, and 2s. 6d. per week after that time, with costs of witnesses, and £10 towards the girl's special costs in obtaining the order. The decision was greeted with applause in court. Defendant's solicitor announced his intention to appeal against the magistrates' decision.

It seems to be forgotten by the French in their present excitement that Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen is Prussian in no particular whatever except a common descent with the Prussian Royal family from the respectable Burgrave of Nuremberg, who founded it four hundred years ago, and the fact that he is a Colonel in the Prussian army. The Sigmaringen branch are Catholics, the Prussian Protestants. The old Stammschloss of Sigmaringen is far away in Suabia. Prince Leopold's grandmother on the father's side was a Murat, on his mother's side, the Duchess Stéphanie of Baden, née Beauharnais, adopted daughter of the First Napoleon. He is himself married to a princess of Portugal. His sister is married to the Count of Flanders, and is mother to the heir apparent of Belgium. One of his paternal aunts is married to the Marquis Pepoli, grandson of King Murat. His maternal aunt is Duchess of Hamilton. From his antecedents, therefore, Prince Leopold would appear to be a kind of prince unattached, one of the staff corps of European royalty, very cosmopolite in his habits, and quite free from local propensities; ready, like his brother the Prince of Roumania, for any outlying sovereignty which may need an occupant. But if he has any family connection more predominant than another, it is evidently with the reigning family of France itself, and not with that of Prussia.

The Grumbler.

WHAT do I think of the Serpentine Improvements? Well! if you or any one else, calling yourselves sane folks, can believe that the muddling, puddling mess that is being made with the Serpentine is to be called improvement, all I can say is, that the sooner Mr. Ayrton, you, and such others, refer to your dictionaries, and seek the true definition of the word improvement, the better. Old Sam says, to improve is to advance anything nearer to perfection. Now, if Ayrton really imagines his Serpentine jobbery advancing that hitherto Stygian, fœtid, foul, polluted stream nearer to perfection, all I can say is, that the word improve has received a new signification, and that is—to mess, to muddle. No, the whole thing is really beyond a joke, and should be at once taken up by the House. Did not an influential deputation have an interview with Mr. Ayrton at the Woods and Forests Office, Whitehall, on Tuesday, upon the subject? Why, of course they had, and most clearly and concisely pointed out to him the blundering business he and his were making of the river. In the first place, it was to be thoroughly cleaned out, and the filthy and impure disease-engendering mud, the accumulation of years, entirely removed, and replaced by fresh gravel, the bottom made even, and the water of one uniform depth, varying only from five feet at the upper end, to six or seven feet at the utmost, at the lower end. In short, to be made as perfect and as little dangerous a bath as possible: it really being the principal bath of the metropolis. And now, what does the head of the Woods and Forests (whose head, by-the-bye, must be as thick as any of the wood to be found in any of the forests over which he has the control, if he really thinks what he is about perpetrating with the Serpentine, can by any twist or stretch of imagination be called an improvement)—I say, what does he now propose, or, in fact, what is he now actually allowing to be carried out. Why, in the first place, leaving more than half of the filthy, fœtid mud which is to have gravel thrown at considerable expense upon it, and which will naturally sink, the moment the water is allowed to flow over it, below the mud again, which will just rise up like a feather-bed when pressed down in any part of it; and the river will, in six months hence, be just as foul and filthy as it has ever been, and despite all the expense that will have been lavished upon it. Then again, as to security and depth; in various places it will be from ten to fourteen feet, instead, as I before observed, of a uniform safety depth of from five to seven feet at the very outside. And all this Mr. Ayrton was told on Tuesday by a most influential, scientific, and courteous deputation, who, however, when they withdrew from the official presence, felt that, for aught they had accomplished, they might just as well have remained at their several homes or otherwise occupying themselves in various pursuits for the benefit of mankind and humanity, instead of wasting their valuable time in vainly trying to persuade the Head of the Woods and Forests' Department that filthy, foul, and fœtid mud is not only lighter than gravel when floating in water, but that it is noisome, noxious, and does not smell like Houbigant's shop, and is ever fever-begetting and thoroughly dangerous to the general health; and, moreover, that the money that has hitherto been expended, and is still to be expended, has been and will be uselessly, wantonly, and stupidly thrown away. Surely, when such noblemen and gentlemen as Lord Harrowby, Viscount Mahon, Sir Henry Hoare, M.P., Mr. Harvey Lewis, M.P., Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., Mr. W. Crossley, A.I.C.E., Dr. Aldis, and others, can take upon themselves the trouble to explain the errors of the bungling job that is being made of the Serpentine, the high official, instead of nodding his head with all the gravity and with about as much wisdom as a mandarin figure in a grocer's shop when the deputation withdrew, might at least have courteously added that the subject of their communications should have his serious attention, and their scientific observations have weight in the future continuance of the works now in progress in the Serpentine.

Holloa, Master Samuel Brookes, aged twelve, what have you been up to, sir? Eh? Ten days' imprisonment in the common goal, and a stigmatised name for life. Why, what on earth have you been after?—what awful, dreadful, terrible crime have you committed? Come, speak up, sir. "Please, sir, I caught two sticklebacks with a bit of cotton and a pin out o' mother's pincushion, and they cotched me on Squire Hodge's land." Who gave you the ten weeks? Come, speak up, my boy! "Please, sir, they didn't give me nothing; they axed me to give 'em one shilling for the fish, and, furder, to pay twelve shillings more for getting them to take the shilling for the fish. Jack Smith, a boy as I knows, 'll sell you a hundred sticklebacks for threepence." But that's not it, my boy. You see you've done wrong. The River Avon, where you've been fishing, don't belong to you. Neither the birds that fly over it—the fish that swim in it—no, nor the water that flows with it. Samuel Brookes, you are a very bad, bad boy—there can't be a doubt of it. You've been fishing—in plain English, poaching in the River Avon. Yes, on the property of Thomas Hodges, Esquire, you have taken thence and therefrom two fish, valued, at the showing of the said Thomas Hodges, Esquire, and his gamekeeper, at the full sum of twopence of the current coin of Her Majesty's realm—all of which you will no doubt deny, and say you disbelieve, as much as you do the right of the said Thomas Hodges, Esq., to have the sole right and power over the earth, air, and water, of the aforesaid River Avon, its banks, and atmosphere. Poor lad! Come, 't is no affair to joke about: and in good sooth, since reading the case, so admirably detailed in last Wednesday's *Telegraph*, I have been in no humour to do anything but see how on earth 'twas possible to extricate Master Samuel Brooks from the custody of Her Gracious Majesty, who, I am certain, don't want such of her subjects to be under her especial charge and keeping. No, not even within any one of Her Majesty's aforesaid gaols. It is really too—too bad! a lad of twelve years to be punished—at all events to run the risk of contamination for life—*for Life!* Yes, and for what? Fishing in the Avon, and catching—What? Why, two fish, call 'em sticklebacks, value 2d. at the outside; *Lawyer's value*, worth twopence! Whip me such Shallows and Slenders. Why, your worships, how about your own virtuous goodnesses? Have you never been up to town? Was it neither of you that I saw after one *A.M.*, in the Haymarket, coming out of —well, perhaps not. Have you ever been to Cremorne, and wrote your wives you'd been to Kensal-green, and been so overcome at revisiting dear grandmama's tomb, that—Bah! Whip me such rot. Come, Messrs. Alfrey, Jones, and Hodges; make your peace with the public, with England that you have outraged, and Tom Brooks, who has immortalised you. Tell us forthwith what on earth you saw in the face of youth to condemn it to disgrace? at what price you value your fish in the Avon, and where you got your legal acumen and just appreciation of boyhood? Bah! ye rotten Slenders! By cock and crow, I would ye had to come for one five minutes under *my* merciful appreciation of your worships; but as your very prototypes have before you, to them I back refer you:

Shallow. Come Coz, come Coz, we stay for you.

Slender. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shallow. Nay, but understand me.

Slender. So I do, sir.

Yes, 'tis possible you understand one another. But 't is as certain you do not understand the advance and progress of the world; and that little lads, the forerunners of the future, are to be immured and incarcerated, and most probably ultimately ruined, for the cost of two fish, valued twopence, at the beck, call, or disposition of Shallow, Slender, Evans, Alfrey, or Jones.

At the Carlisle races on Tuesday, during the contest for the Cumberland Plate, a temporary stand erected on the course fell with a tremendous crash. There were 400 people on it at the time, several of whom were women. Two men had their legs broken, and about a dozen others received severe contusions. The materials of the stand were substantial, but the structure was improperly stayed.

THE DIVER.

A BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

"WHICH of you, knight or esquire, will dare
To dive in the gulf below?
O'er the golden goblet I throw in there,
Already the deep, dark waters flow.
He who brings back the cup I have thrown,
May keep it for ever, it is his own."

The king speaks out, and throws from the crest
Of the rock, which so rugged and steep
Frowns dreadfully over the boundless waste,
The cup into howling Charybdis deep.
"What venturesome heart, I ask again,
Will dive for the cup in the fathomless main?"

And the knights and esquires who there by his side
Stand silent with downcast eyes,
Gaze fearfully down on the savage tide,
And none will win the golden prize.
And the king for the third time asks: "Is there none
Who will venture the headlong leap?—not one?"

But still no answer has come to their lips,
When a youth, fair-haired and bold,
From the band of esquires there modestly steps,
And throws off his cloak and his girdle of gold;
And knights and ladies, in wonder and ruth,
Look strangely and long at the noble youth.

And lo, as he steps to the edge of the rock,
And looks down in the gulf beneath,
Charybdis hurled back with a mighty shock
The waters below that twist and wreathe,
And with a sound as of far-off thunder
Rush foaming and panting her dark breast under.

And it bubbles and hisses, and rushes and sighs,
As when water on fire is thrown;
The glittering foam is cast up to the skies,
And wave upon wave presses endlessly on,
Never exhausted, or empty, or free,—
As if the great sea would give birth to a sea.

At length the wild tumult begins to subside,
And black, through the snow-white spray,
A yawning chasm is seen to divide,—
Fathomless, like the dismal way
To the pit of Hell,—and the breakers riven
Deep into the eddying gulf are driven.

Now quick, ere the surge and the swell rebound,
A moment he seems to pray,
Then—a cry of horror is heard around,
And the whirlpool already has borne him away;
And o'er the bold swimmer its jaws with a roar
Mysteriously close: he is seen no more.

And silence hangs mournfully over the sea,
Only rave the depths below;
And "bold-hearted youth, farewell to thee!"
Is whispered in accents faint and low;
And deeper and wilder the wail than before,
As they sadly and wistfully watch from the shore.

And if you the crown itself were to fling
In those depths, and to say to me,
Who restores it shall wear it, and he shall be king!
In the dear reward no charms I should see;
For that which the howling abysses conceal,
Will no living man ever safely reveal.

Full many a ship, by the whirlpool caught,
Rushed wildly down to its doom;
Save mast and keel in splinters, nought
Uprose from the hungry, devouring tomb.
And like the storm-murmur, still clearer and clearer,
The roar of the waters comes nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and hisses, and rushes and sighs,
As when water on fire is thrown;
The glittering foam is cast up to the skies,
And wave upon wave presses endlessly on,
And with a sound as of far-off thunder,
Rushes, roaring and panting, the dark breast under.

And see, from the black abyss upreared,
A swan-like form, snow-white,
And an arm and a fair young neck has appeared—
And it rows with haste, and it rows with might—
It is he! In his strong left hand held up,
With joyous signs, the golden cup.

And breathing hard, and breathing fast,
He greeted the heavenly light.
From mouth to mouth the glad tidings have past—
"He lives! He is there! He has won the fight!
From the depths, from the grave he has come to us whole,—
The brave youth is saved with his living soul."

He comes, surrounded by joyous bands,
At the feet of the king he falls;
Kneeling, he gives the cup into his hands,
And the king to his fair young daughter calls,
Who fills to the brim with the wine that they bring,
And the stripling then modestly turned to the king:

"Long live the king! Who breathes the air
In the rosy light is blest!
But dreadful and strange are the sights down there;
And let no man tempt the gods, possest
With wild desire to disclose unbidden,
What in horror and night has been graciously hidden.

"Swifter than lightning it dragged me down;
By a current, which found its source
In the rocky abyss, I was helplessly thrown
In the teeth of the whirlpool's resistless force,
And there, like a top in the mighty ocean,
It hurried me round with dizzying motion.

"Then God, to whom in my need I cried,
Pointed out to me underneath
The deep, jutting out, a rock by my side,
Which I seized, and escaped from a dreadful death.
And there, on a branch of coral, hung
The cup into fathomless waters flung.

"For under me still lay, mountain deep,
The fathomless purple waste;
And though the ear slept an eternal sleep,
By the fear-stricken eye could be mistily traced
Huge lizards, and dragons of horrible form,
In the hellish abyss which teem and swarm.

"And there were the dusky leviathan whales,
And, massed in a hideous heap,
Thorny-backed monsters with glittering scales,
The grisly deformities of the deep,
And threateningly gleamed the white teeth, through the dark,
Of the water-hyæna, the terrible shark.

"And there I hung, and, with horror, knew
That human aid there was none.
One living soul, 'mid this monstrous crew,
In the ghastly solitude ALONE!
Deep under the sound of mortal tongue,
The horrible shapes of the waste among.

"And trembling it thought—when, suddenly near,
A hundred-limbed monster rose,
And came open-mouthed; in the madness of fear
My hands from the friendly branch unclose;
And the whirlpool again bore me madly away,
But only to save, for it brought me to day."

Amazement and wonder had seized on the king,
And he answered: "The cup is thine;
And I destine for thee, too, this priceless ring,
Where the costliest gems of my treasury shine,
If once more thou wilt venture, and bring me word
What in the sea-caves thou hast seen and heard."

The king's daughter has heard with compassionate breast,
And pleads with a grace so rare:—
"O father, enough of this terrible jest!
He has dared for thee what none other would dare;
If you still will persist in your heart's desire,
At least let the knight show the way to the squire."

Then the king seized the cup, and, rapid as thought,
He hurled it deep into the sea:
"When the cup once again to the shore thou hast brought,
Best and bravest of all my good knights thou shalt be;
And, moreover, this day, as thy bride, shalt embrace
Her who pleads for thee now with compassionate grace."

Then a heaven-born strength on his spirit took hold,
And daring flashed out from his eyes;
He sees the loved face rosy-red,—then cold
And pale at the feet of her father she lies;
And he swears that the precious reward he will win,—
And for life or death he plunges in.

They hear the wild surge, see it backward sweep,
The thunderbolt heralds its track;
Fond eyes are in agony strained on the deep:
The waters flow on, and the waters flow back,
Howling up to the cliff—rushing down to the shore;
But the youth on their bosom they bear no more.

DRAMAS FOR THE DRAWING ROOM.

CAUGHT IN A MESH.

PETITE COMEDY—IN ONE ACT.

(*Continued from page 211*).

Mrs. Vernon. With all your distaste for comedy, it appears you can play very well on occasion. Before answering your question, however, tell me, have you a pack of cards in the room?

Sir Harry. Yes, I believe so. What do you want with them?

Mrs. Vernon. Give them to me. (*Takes a card, holds it up, and asks*) Red or black?

Sir Harry. What are the stakes?

Mrs. Vernon. At the discretion of the winner.

Sir Harry. So be it. Red.

Mrs. Vernon. The Knave of Clubs. You have lost. I will trouble you for the blue purse.

Sir Harry. With all my heart. (*Gives purse.*) But I keep the red; and although its colour has made me lose, it shall never be reproached, for I know, as well as you, the hand to which it is due.

Mrs. Vernon. Is it pretty, this hand?

Sir Harry (*looking at her's*). Charming.

Mrs. Vernon. Will you permit it to gratify a little instinct of jealousy? (*Throws the purse into the fire*).

Sir Harry. Florence, I adore you.

Mrs. Vernon (*Watches the destruction of the purse, then turns to Sir Harry, and says tenderly*) You don't care for Mrs. Mountcharles?

Sir Harry. I? I have never cared for her.

Mrs. Vernon. Nor I, Sir Harry Lee.

Sir Harry. How could you imagine me capable of such weakness? It is not from a woman like that I should ask a moment's happiness; it is not a woman like that who could give it me, if she would.

Mrs. Vernon. Nor I either, Sir Harry Lee. You have made me a most graceful sacrifice, and I appreciate it fully; but I will not deceive you. The purse is none of my making.

Sir Harry. Nonsense! Impossible—you don't really mean it. Who made it, then?

Mrs. Vernon. A hand more charming than mine. Oblige me by reflecting an instant, and solving, in your turn, an enigma more puzzling than the last. You have just made me what, in spite of its somewhat straggling flowers of rhetoric, I must consider a declaration. You have even gone down on your knees before me: and I know how strong are your objections to that position. You have given up to me a present, which, though hideous, you prized. You have permitted me to burn it. I beg to ask you what you see in me to justify such sacrifices? I am young, it is true. Good looking, in the opinion of the charitable; and my foot will certainly bear inspection. But, after all, these advantages are extremely common. They are certainly not deserving of such strong marks of approbation—least of all from you. And yet you accord to me, or to them rather, without hesitation or regret, the sacrifice, insignificant if you will, but to a caprice more insignificant still, which you refuse to the tears of the only woman who loves you, or whom you have a right to love! (*The carriage is heard returning.*)

Sir Harry. I don't understand, madam, how—

Mrs. Vernon. Speak lower; she has returned, and will be here in an instant. I have no time to draw my moral, but you have a heart after all, and your heart will draw it for me. If you find Mabel's eyes red, dry them with this little purse; she will recognise it through her tears, for it is your gentle, loving wife who has sought to win a smile by making it for you. Adieu! The flame you have offered me to-night will be steadier, if less warm, to-morrow, and I will accept it with gratitude, as your wife's friend. She is worthy of all the love we can either of us give her, of none the less on your side, perhaps, after the events of to-night,—events which, I may add, neither she, nor any one else will know from me. (*Enter* MABEL. MRS. VERNON *goes to her and kisses her.*)

Sir Harry (*Looks at them for some time in silence; then goes to* MABEL, *takes* MRS. VERNON'S *wreath from her head, and says to the latter as he returns it*). Excuse me, she shall know all, and, I trust, forgive all. In the meantime, allow me to thank a young curate for an excellent sermon, which, if it has given me a love for rouge et noir (*holding up the purse to* MABEL), has, at all events, prevented my being

"CAUGHT IN A MESH."

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Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXXVIII.—CROTCHET.

First—

Then the Bishop cried out in a quaver,—
He always had some such strange crotchet,—
"Go fetch me roast mutton and laver:"
Then sate down to meat in his rochet.

He never could carve—even mutton;
As for goose, he was certain to botch it,
And would hack a poor hare like a glutton,
Unless you were careful to watch it.

So they cut up his dinner and lunch,
And mixed it with mustard and nitre,
And he washed down the mess with rum-punch
Which was mixed in his second-best mitre.

X.

Second—

Do you want a rhyme for crotchet?
Well, take a stick and notch it;
Or make a speech and botch it;
Or set a trap and watch it.
There are rhymes enough for crotchet;
And many more I 've got yet.

Or thus:

If you have got a crotchet,
You had better watch it,
Or else you 'll surely botch it.

G. M.

(1)

Mac-Iver, for his déjeuner,
A quart of vile Hotch-Potch eat,
A taste of it would turn me ill,—
It must have been his crotchet.

(2)

I glory in the tented field,
And cricket is my crotchet;
But, if I get too hard a catch,
I'm rather apt to botch it!

VATES.

I am deeply in love with a pretty little maid,
But ah, confound it, she is terribly crotchety;
If I ask her to play a game at croquet,
She is sure to reply, "I prefer much to crochet."

CROT.

Oh, woodman, spare that tree; don't notch it;
My father he likes wood—it is his crotchet.
Devil,* blot this, or else you'll blotch it.

L'HOMME QUI RIT.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXXIX.—LIMP.

EMMARID.—Your contribution arrived too late for insertion.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

* Printer's d——.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. S. P.—L'homme propose, *dew* dispose. The average summer rainfall *has* been greatly reduced within the last ten years. Why, Heaven only knows.

QUID PRO QUO.—Give us the quid, and we will forward you the quo by Parcels' Delivery.

HERMITAGE.—The sort that is kept in quarts we expect.

B. (Liverpool).—We cannot answer your inquiry satisfactorily, as we know but little of the subject. The first authority you mention is, we should imagine, the most reliable; but both are "famous hands."

MARSTON MOOR.—If we dared to trifle with so reverend a personage as you seem to be, we should say No Moor on that head. But to *you*, we say seriously,—Aballiboozobanganorribo; for the explanation of which see Southey's "Doctor."

ADHEMAR.—He was not a bay, but a brown, and stood over 16 hands. He never suffered from ringbone in his life, and never belonged to the gentleman you name. So "good morrow to you, good Master Lieutenant!"

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

COVENT GARDEN.—Le Domino Noir. Half-past Eight.
DRURY LANE.—Mignon. Half-past Eight.
ADELPHI.—Put Yourself in His Place—The Robust Invalid. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Old Gooseberry—Little Em'ly—Undine. Seven.
STRAND.—A Fish out of Water—The School for Coquettes—The Field of the Cloth of Gold. Half-past Seven.
GAIETY.—Operetta—The Courier of Lyons—Linda of Chamouni. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'.—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: M.P.—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—Paul Pry—La Belle Sauvage. Half-past Seven.
VAUDEVILLE.—Cupboard Love—Two Roses—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1870.

THE withdrawal of the graver charge against the notorious defendants BOULTON and PARK, is a course no doubt capable of being learnedly and lucidly justified by the able counsel for the prosecution; but it seems to outsiders rather melancholy that such a collapse of justice should be possible. The prosecution should, it appears to the unwigged, have been prepared with sufficient evidence to go to trial before it took the very serious course of preferring a charge of felony. If it was not so prepared, it was unjust and cruel, in a gownless point of view, to proceed almost to extremities, and then retract. It really would look, out of Lincoln's Inn, like playing fast and loose on a formidable scale. Let us punish vice with a heavy hand; but do not let us hold up the rod, and then pretend it was only our fun. This *cause célèbre* will not now come on for hearing until December; and it will be curious to watch the fluctuations in the public mind which are bound to take place between the release, on sureties, of the men in petticoats and Christmas Day.

Again has an attempt been made to induce the noble Lord Paramount of Covent-garden to make that delightful, but inconvenient temple of fruit—forbidden and unforbidden—a little more fit for the purposes to which it is devoted. The low, narrow, grimy, over-crowded central avenue, with its squalid outlying settlements, has long been an eyesore and a blot on our HAUSSMANNISM, and has cried aloud for enlargement and improvement. That this dingy heap should be the fruit and vegetable market of a city like London, is simply monstrous. Never had so splendid a kernel such a deplorable husk. It is to be wondered that the aristocratic inmates of Messrs. SOLOMON'S or WEBBER'S establishments,—the blushing peach, the sunburnt nectarine, the stately, golden pine, with its oriental head-dress, the huge Channel Islander, or the tiny Mandarin,—can lie in peace in their baskets amid such sordid surroundings. The very peas might protest against being shelled in such an indecorous spot: every potato with an eye in his head has ground for complaint. The animal proprietors of these esculents have once more made up their minds to try to invite the owner of this capable site to follow, afar-off, in the footsteps of the Marquis of WESTMINSTER, and make Covent-garden Market a little more worthy of its name. We read that, a few days since, the important question came before a meeting of the Market Gardeners', Nurserymen's and Farmers' Association, of enlarging, improving, and covering in the entire area of Covent-garden Market. It was shown that the same question had been agitated and discussed, with a full allowance of petitions and memorials, over and over again, during a period of forty years; but hitherto without the noble landlord's being in the slightest degree impressed by either petitions or remonstrances. The market gardeners represent, that they are quite ready to meet the outlay necessary for providing the much-needed increase of accommodation, and that they would cheerfully submit to an increased rental for their stands. Nevertheless, despite that liberal offer, numbers of growers and salesmen constantly attending the market are still compelled to transact their business in the open air, entirely at the mercy of the most inclement weather; while the compulsory exposure of perishable produce must of course tend to depreciate its marketable value, and so to inflict a heavy loss on the salesmen. Again, the traders in Covent-garden complain that tolls are demanded greatly in excess of those authorised by the Acts of Parliament; and the meeting decided on giving notice of these alleged malpractices to the agent of the noble landlord, and on soliciting his interference. With every belief in the justice of their complaints, and the crying nature of the grievance, we have small hope of seeing their appeal of forty years' standing meet with a favourable reply. If past experience be any guide, it will take more than the united market gardeners, nurserymen, and farmers in England, with its seedsmen and florists, and *button-holers* thrown in, to make any sort of impression upon His Grace the Duke of BEDFORD.

Unless the changes now in progress are materially altered for the better, the next state of the Serpentine will be that of a nuisance to bathers and a peril to skaters. When gravel is sprinkled over mud, and water is allowed to enter, the mud liquefies and the gravel falls to the bottom. Hence, to sprinkle gravel over a mass of mud seven feet in thickness is not to take suitable precautions against the mud becoming as dangerous and offensive as formerly. Dr. ALDIS, the Medical Officer of Health for the district, has strongly urged that not only should the mud be entirely removed, but that the depth of the lake should be reduced to a maximum of seven feet. As the purpose of the present works is to render the water less foul and less deep, the propriety of taking immediate steps to this effect appears undoubted. But Mr. AYRTON will neither concede anything nor admit that the drawbacks indicated are worthy of consideration. He has consulted an engineer on the subject, and he is satisfied with what the engineer has said. The banks of the lake may slope too rapidly, but the same fault has been found with the sea-shore in certain places. Bathers may be dissatisfied, but in that case they can go elsewhere. If the improvements do not give satisfaction after they are completed, then Parliament may be appealed to again. It is probable that the appeal to Parliament will be made on an early day. It may have an issue much more satisfactory to the public than to the Board of Works.

A most interesting ceremony was performed by the Prince of WALES—ever zealous in promoting charitable works—on Tuesday afternoon. For the 20,000 deaf mutes among us there has been, up to the present time, no distinct place of worship set apart in London. The sufferers by this greatest of human afflictions have been compelled to attend the ministrations of their spiritual instructors in holes and corners; in deserts and barns, so to speak; in the learned, but unconsecrated Polytechnic, and kindred places of resort. St. Saviour's, the church especially adapted for their use, the first stone of which was laid by his Royal Highness on Tuesday, will supply this great need in an ample, and even splendid manner, and take away one reproach from our great, grim, sinful city.

London Lyrics.

No. 32.

Onward—ever onward!
Stay not, man, with any idle dreaming;
Follow not a phantom's fairest seeming:
Let not fancies of thy early days
Cling to thy heart, and fix thy longing gaze;
Content thee not with shadows of the past—
Behold! thy present now is flitting fast.

Onward—ever onward!
Over thy crush'd ambition's fallen tower
Fling away thy first love's withered flower;
Linger not beside the new-filled grave—
Ask not thou for Lethe's calming wave;
Hold fast by what thou hast—cheer thy sad soul—
Onward and upward! seek the highest goal!

Onward—ever onward!
Sweet, indeed, and bright was thy young morning,
Glorious hues thy waking soul adorning,
Radiant sunbeams smiled upon thy home—
All are fading, and the eve has come.
On thy life the shades of time are falling—
Hark! a still small voice thy soul is calling.

Onward—ever onward!
Never resting where to-day has found thee,
Never, though the brightest things surround thee;
Ever toiling, though it seems in vain—
Never dreaming idle dreams again;
Working meekly with a God-sent will—
Weeping, fearing, pressing onward still!

The Man in the Stalls.

IF sententious Juba, created by Addison, could see me now, he would not "joy to meet me alone" at the corner of a street, late at night, armed with stiletto or formidable bludgeon.—

"O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent,"

my looks would hang me, or, at least, justify my apprehension as a *gen suspecte*, from which I could only escape with a tip to BB. 1781. You are polite enough to inquire, "What's the matter?" As Syphax says—

"'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts."

Know, then, my vocation is coming to a close! The theatres are all obeying the heavens, thermometrically speaking, and their doors are being slammed in the face of the public for two or three months. "Dat's what's de matter!" Do I experience such intense delight in occupying a stall, night after night, looking upon paint and tinsel, and listening to the squeaking voices of actresses, or the heavy elocution of men who call themselves actors, as to make this a grievance? No!—forbid it, taste; but I *do* relish the weekly cheque for £10 which, with commendable regularity, the proprietor of the *Man about Town* indemnifies me for the unavoidable expenditure in gloves, cabs, fees, broiled kidneys, stout, and cigars, incidental to my profession. I have always five shillings to spare for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, or a charitable sermon from the lips of the Reverend Methodisticus Noodle, of Brazenose College, Oxford. And now these commendable objects must be neglected, and my form, no longer seen in the purlieus of the Strand,

must decorate the Margate Sands or the Brighton Parade—at my own expense. Oh, that I were Tom Thumb, or Chang, or a Circassian slave, that I might get people to pay for looking at me! I have pondered the various means open to Englishmen in their overcrowded island, and I come to the conclusion that the easiest by far is the exhibition of one's person on a platform in a spacious hall, without any necessity for more personal exertion than a little promenading, and an occasional languid smile. It is a little irksome, to be sure, because a fellow mustn't read a newspaper, or one of Miss Braddon's novels—but, on the other hand, he sees a variety of sweet faces, and can hear musical voices murmur—"Oh, isn't he a love, neither? Do look at his nose! (*here I blow it gracefully*); —what a mouth and teeth!" (*the latter made by—no, I won't advertise him, for he charged me enormously for the last set*). So, I think, if I can get a good, honest "advance agent," I will show myself at half-a-crown a head. We have had very tall men—very fat women—very tiny *homunculi*—all sorts of deformities, and a horrible *lusus naturæ* in the shape of linked gemini; and people have crowded to see them. Why should they not have, by way of a change, an average specimen of male human beauty—age 30, height 5 feet 9 inches, width across the chest, 30 inches, round the calf, 20 inches—and so on. Hair, dark chestnut—teeth, white—eyes, cerulean—nose, aquiline—forehead, high, open, neither protruberant nor retiring, but indicative of a frank, generous, noble, self-denying nature—eh? Why not? I pause for a reply; and until it comes, let me to my week's work.

The Haymarket season terminates to-night, and we bid adieu for a time to the antiquities. Buckstone makes his annual speech as the finale of his benefit. It is a speech to be heard, for, apart from a rather genial manner, flavoured with characteristic drollery, it tells of prosperity; and though I take more pleasure in reading Dante's *Inferno* than his *Paradisio*, because it speaks of human agony, I really like to hear of a theatrical manager's doing well. It is a pleasant novelty, at least. I am very sorry that Compton is going. He is a good actor. His style is of that quiet, unobtrusive quality, which always raises one's laughter, because the actor doesn't seem to share it. I hate a buffoon who grins at his own humour, and looks familiarly at his audience, as much as to say, "Ain't I a rum one! and don't I amuse you?" Compton, I hear, goes to Manchester, where he is appreciated. He will there have a better opportunity of playing prominent parts than he could get in London. With a true artist, money is not so great an object as "business." The day is gone by, for the present, when farces would fill a house. Compton must have found it very tedious to be playing in *Fish out of Water* and *No Song, no Supper* at midnight, for months together; and I can, therefore, conceive his dying to play Touchstone, in which no living man can come near him.

Touchstone! that awakens a thought of Rosalind (*Rose*-a-lind, and not *Rezza*-lind, by-the-bye) —and who can think of Rosalind without associating her with the sweet little lady who calls herself "Scott-Siddons?" It will delight all who are doomed to stay in town, to hear that she has returned from Yankee-land, and appears on Monday in Pauline. Mr. English, the dramatic agent, has taken the Haymarket during the migration of the regular company, and he has had the good judgment to secure the services of the only lady upon the stage who can divide the attention of people of taste and refinement with Mrs. Rousby.

And, now I think of it, I will forswear the shrimps at Margate, and the Granville at Ramsgate, and the idea of a personal exhibition, and stay in town to see Mrs. Scott-Siddons in her *répertoire*—provided she does not play *all* Juliet. Exquisitely girlish and natural are her early scenes,—painful are her efforts in the later. She lacks force for tragedy when it comes to the scream and the rant —the poison and the dagger. While there are Rosalind, and Beatrice, and Imogen at her command, let me implore her to abjure Melpomene's heroines. Her great-grandmother never affected Thalia's ladies;—let the little granddaughter be content to leave the gloomy mantle for other shoulders, and fit herself with the special garment becoming her *physique*, which she now wears without corrival.

I see that a Miss Alleyne is to be the future directress of the Globe, with Walter Lacey for stage-manager. I cannot recall the name of Alleyne, except in connection with Dulwich College. Is she a *débutante*, or one of those ladies who, like Miss Fowler, deprecates having her candle kept under a bushel by managers without discernment, and is resolved to have everything her own way? She is fortunate in her stage-manager. I never knew a "Walter" that had not some good in him—did you? Walter Lacey is a gentleman, and plays well whatever he undertakes. Whether as Henry the Eighth he moves with Anne Boleyn through the figures of a saraband, or, as Lord Trinket, makes violent love to Harriett, in the *Jealous Wife*, he is always agreeable. A man may be a gentleman, and yet not look *the* gentleman on the stage. Now Walter Lacey is one, and does the other. I never saw but one person who could equal him, and that was a dear, good, and graceful fellow who appeared at the Lyceum for a short time, and who I should be happy to see again in anything but Inkpen, in *Tom Noddy's Secret*. He had an idea he could play low comedy. It was a mistake. It was grim—it was severe, morose, harsh—in fact, dreadful. But he didn't charge anything for his services, and the manager, of course, loved him. If he has escaped the cholera at Calcutta, and would only come out again in one of those Shakesperian characters with which he is so remarkably familiar, he would make his own fortune and that of the director of any theatre whose audiences can relish elegance and good taste.

But I am talking of the future, forgetting the present. What novelty this week, did you ask? Oh, I believe I did see Herman Vezin in the *Lyon's Courier*, or the *Courier of Lyons*, at the Gaiety. It is difficult for the best actors to personate some one who has not a feature in common with the mimic; but simply, by a rapid change of costume to become, in a moment, another individual to whom he is supposed to bear a striking resemblance, does not require a very great artistic effort on the part of the representative of Dubosq. Herman Vezin, therefore, is just as satisfactory as Charles Kean, who, to say the truth, was in his element in *rôles* of that description. Charles Kean was great as Louis XI., and very successful in the *Corsican Brothers*. None of his attempts at tragedy were even tolerable. Intensely delighting in praise, he was weak enough one evening at the supper-table, at his own house, to ask me if I had ever seen his Richard III., and what I thought of it? Truth, stronger than gratitude for lobster salad and champagne, led me to assert that is was a capital bit of low comedy, and, as low comedy under false pretences, I liked it. His laugh, when he heard my opinion of his Richard, reminded me of Sir Fretful Plagiary's exhiliration under the *experimentum crucis* to which Sneer and Dangle subject him. The features and the voice of Charles Kean were altogether opposed to tragic impersonations. He should have changed places with Buckstone. But this is not *apropos* of Herman Vezin, who is now in his fifth theatre since he played in the *Rightful Heir*. I wish him well through the summer, and a more permanent footing when it is over.

And now for a while I forsake the pen and its cause—the theatre. I do not think I shall be tempted to enter the stalls till September, unless Miss Evelyn makes a hit in Helen Douglas,—or some one challenges me to fight a duel in a locality where we shall be perfectly unobserved. In that case I shall make a theatre the trysting-place. No one can see you at the Adelphi, except the people on the stage, and they are too much absorbed with egotism to look beyond the footlights.

In the *New York Churchman* we read:—"We find in the report of the proceedings of the Connecticut Legislature, that the House was opened one day last week with prayer by a Mrs. ——, pastor of the Universalist Society. The reporter innocently adds:—'She made a decidedly favourable impression,' meaning, we presume, on the members. And as this is the sole object of prayer now-a-days, what is the use of arguing further against the lawfulness of clergywomen's ministrations?"

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

WRITING early in the week, as I do, it is impossible to say in these shifting times what the end of the present Meeting at headquarters may be; but it is certain that nothing could be more successful or pleasant than the beginning. Associating, as one is compelled from large experience to do, Newmarket July with blinding sun, penetrating dust, and a ceaseless plague of flies, it was with a kind of trembling joy that we found ourselves behind the Ditch, cool, clean, and, except those who wore ancient linen, unruffled. The vegetation was—thanks to the recent relaxation of the stern St. Swithin—exquisitely fresh and green, and the shade of the plantation as delightful, though not as necessary as of old. In point of attendance, the opening day of the Summer Meeting must be held a decided falling off from the experience of past years; but this fact, which I take the liberty of considering an unmixed good, was counterbalanced by sport which was unmistakeably above the average, and filled up an afternoon as agreeably, if not as profitably, as the heart of racing-man could wish.

The first event of the day—a Plate, over the T. Y. C.—secured the large muster of thirteen, Patrician, who certainly looked well in at 7st 7lb, being made favourite. Mr. Fry's horse, however, who is of a disappointing constitution, was passed and beaten close at home by Waif, another highly-favoured candidate, at 6st, close up with whom were Flash, Stephanotis, and Verdure, all of whom had figured in the betting. The Gladiateur Stakes introduced us to two new customers—Messager, a common-looking colt, whose countrymen, and not his merit, made him favourite; and Ellesmere, a particularly good-looking son of Elland, who, it may be briefly told, made all the running, and won in a walk, the Frenchman being unable even to beat the Scrubbing Brush colt, but finishing before Norfolk, who looked and went badly. King o' Scots having once more alarmed friends and foes by winning a Sweepstakes, in which some fine speed was engaged (although the feat was not accomplished without a strong effort to bolt), the case of the day—the July Stakes—came on for trial. The same number that first appeared on the board—a baker's dozen—came to the post for this great two-year-old stake, which was hardly at the last responsible for so good a muster as I expected last week would be seen in silk. The grand-looking Lydon, who has long been the admiration of Newmarket touts, declined to show; a bad example followed by The Marquis of Steyne, Toucques, Dancing Girl, and other dusky notabilities, with whose fame rumour had been busy. Still, with such first appearances as those of Général and Sister to Breeze, and the presence of Tulliebardine, Balvenie, and Ellesmere, the muster was far from contemptible. The appearance of the French crack was liked on all hands—quite one of the useful, old-fashioned Phantom Cottage sort, and, although he went back in the betting before the start, the foreigners stuck to him, as they had every right to do. Sister to Breeze is a fine, upstanding filly; but it is "a case," I fear, with her hock, which will, I am afraid, seriously militate against a career of future usefulness. Tulliebardine had evidently suffered from the hard ground, going short and badly; and Balvenie was not so fit as he will be, He is, however, I fancy, no stayer, as, though he ran fast, he was done with long before home was reached—as indeed were all, except Sister to Breeze and Général, who finished a splendid race home from the Plantation; the filly, who had always a little the best of it, winning by half a length. The rest of the day affords little material for history, the only event being the easy victory of Corisande over Lœtitia, Gascoigne, and Ortolan; the last-named being the worst of four, none of whom are to be sneezed at as much as Lundyfoot's best.

The second day's sport bore no comparison with that of the first, being, indeed, of the tamest order. The attendance was meagre to a degree, and those who did come to see had no cause for self-congratulation. The Beaufort Stakes proved, after the withdrawal of all Joseph Dawson's horses except Lady Masham, a real good thing for Ge-

neral Peel's filly, who beat Adrastus and a moderate following with great ease. Of the small races which followed, it will be necessary only to say that King o' Scots followed up his recent amiable change of disposition by winning the Town Plate in a canter; and then came the Exeter Stakes, which, from its excellent entry, held out promise of a good race. Man proposes, however,—and the contest, for which only three stripped, was no contest at all. Corisande, the colt by Parmesan, out of Lozenge's dam, and Lady Atholstone, comprised the entire field, and Baron Rothschild's filly won with such ease that I almost doubt whether another hundredweight would have stopped her. Lady Atholstone is not herself, or she would have been nearer the winner, though even her creditable form cannot hold a candle to the really splendid capabilities of either of the Mentmore young ladies. The 500 Sovs. Sweepstakes, which closed the day, saw Ellesmere opposed by a very good-looking dark colt of Count Batthyany's. McAlpine, though rude and unmannered, ran both fast and gamely, and won so cleverly that I shall be surprised if he do not turn out something out of the common.

The third day—in which July, having recovered his presence of mind, blazed away as usual, and drove every one to the Plantation with his mouth open—was productive of some excellent racing. The fields were unusually large, and the contests, in several instances, close and exciting. The number of spectators was in excess of that which honoured either of the previous days.

After a small triumph for Mr. Elyott Bowers' Partisane, a goodly muster came to the post for the Sweepstakes for maiden two-year-olds, for which General Peel's Croxteth was backed against the field—with good judgment, as the result proved, the good-looking son of Knowsley lying in front all the way, and winning easily by a length. As Galante, who ran prominently in the July Stakes, could only get a moderate third, it is evident that the General has a good colt in Croxteth, who will, I hope, carry his cap and jacket first past the post in many a useful race. For the Chesterfield Stakes, no "match," as it was feared it would result in, between Corisande and Balvenie, a big field of eleven went to the post, where a shade of odds was procurable about the Baron's filly, whose success, after her recent first-class doings, seemed a foregone conclusion. Chevisaunce, Balvenie, Sauntering Alma, and Pink were backed; but none of them were near the winner at the finish, the immediate attendants of Corisande, who took the lead a quarter of a mile from home, being Faith, Tullibardine, and Gunga Jee. The Baron's filly, however, had always the best of it, and won easily by a neck from Faith; the other pair making a dead heat of it for third place. The double victory of the blue and yellow was exceedingly popular, and I trust that so excellent a patron of the Turf as the Baron will be as lucky next year with his threes as he is this year with his twos. The last race of the day, the Summer Stakes, found eight runners, and resulted in a sharp fight between Sphynx and Flyaway Jack, the five-year-old beating the three by a head. On Friday I was not present; and knowing nothing of Carlisle and Worcester, and finding nothing worth "descanting" upon in the programme for next week, I will dismiss my readers with my blessing.

FORECAST.

LATEST BETTING.

GOODWOOD STAKES.

5 to 1 against Capitaliste (taken and offered).
10 — 1 — Prince Henry (taken).
10 — 1 — John Davis (offered).
100 —10 — Rattlepate (offered; 100 to 8 taken and wanted).
100 — 9 — Sweet Sound (taken).
100 — 6 — Indian Ocean (offered).
100 — 6 — Revenge (offered).
20 — 1 — Bonny Swell (taken).
20 — 1 — Paganini (taken).
20 — 1 — Nightjar (taken).
20 — 1 — Toby (taken).
600 —100 — Sweet Sound with a start (offered).

GOODWOOD CUP.

6 to 4 against Sabinus (offered).
5 — 1 bar one (offered).

ST. LEGER.

100 to 8 against King o'Scots (taken and offered).

SALES OF BLOOD STOCK AT NEWMARKET.

Messrs. Tattersall offered for sale on Wednesday thirty lots of blood stock, including brood mares and yearlings of the late Mr. R. M. Stephenson; also several cast-offs from Count Batthyany's stable, and some brood mares and yearlings belonging to Captain Barlow. Several of R. M. Stephenson's yearlings sold well, and the brood mare Penance (dam of Fitzroy and Abstinence) was bought by Mr. T. E. Walker for 800 guineas. Baron Schazler, a Bavarian nobleman, made several purchases, as did also Messrs. Graham, of the Yardley Stud.

Yearlings, the property of the late Mr. R. M. Stephenson. Gs.
f by Cambuscan—Penance ..... Mr. Core 410
f by the Duke—La Traviata ..... Mr. Graham 170
f by the Duke—Clematis ..... Marquis of Anglesey 260

Brood Mares and Foals.

Penance, by the Flying Dutchman—Rosary, with a colt foal by Cambuscan ..... Mr. T. E. Walker 800
Clematis (dam of Cornet), by Tadmor—Woodbine, with a colt foal by Cambuscan ..... Messrs. Graham 350
Wagtail, by Rataplan—The Lamb ..... Baron Schazler 50
Ave Maria, by Trumpeter—Penance, with a colt foal by Knight of the Thistle ..... Baron Schazler 260

Yearlings, the property of Captain Barlow.

Colt by The Duke—Sweet Briar ..... Mr. Sherwood 100
Filly by Y. Melbourne—Bracelet ..... Mr. Sherwood 80
Woman in Black (brood mare), with a filly by Lecturer Baron Schazler 50

The property of Count Batthyany.

The Flyer, 2 yrs, by Dundee—First Fly ..... Mr. Simpson 10
Astarte, 2 yrs, by Loiterer—Media Noce ..... Mr. Stevens 15

THE HOOTON YEARLINGS.

Seventy-six yearlings, bred by Mr. R. C. Naylor, were offered for sale on Wednesday evening, and the following fifteen were sold for 3,220 guineas, being an average of about 215 guineas.

Gs.
c by Caterer—Tobolski ..... Mr. Roberts 25
c by Caterer—Ratalagoom ..... Prince Soltykoff 90
c by Caterer—Isoline ..... Mr. H. Morris 350
f by Caterer—Beauty ..... Marquis of Anglesey 360
c by Stockwell—Countess of Burlington ... Mr. Lambert 145
c by Stockwell—Weatherbound ..... James Goater 170
c by Caterer or Stockwell—Brown Duchess Count Batthyany 300
c by Stockwell—Heroine ..... Mr. R. Christopher 110
f by Caterer or Stockwell—Glengowrie Mr. W. S. Crawford 330
f by Stockwell—Spring Blossom ..... Lord Bradford 230
f by Stockwell—Cross Stitch ..... Capt. Ray 100
f by Stockwell—Nonpariel ..... Mr. T. Walker 105
f by Caterer—Beechnut ..... Mr. Ray 270
c by Chattanooga—Ancaria ..... Mr. W. S. Crawford 550
f by Chattanooga—Sultana ..... Mr. Lambert 75

LORD STAMFORD'S STUD.

This extensive stud was brought to the hammer, at his lordship's paddocks, at Newmarket, on Thursday, when all were disposed of, with the exception of two, the yearlings making an average of 190 guineas, whilst the older horses also sold well.

Yearlings. Gs.
f by Citadel or Cambuscan—Lady Valentine Mr. John Reeves 10
f by Citadel—Cellina ..... Mr. Sparrow 60
f by Newcastle—Rupee ..... Mr. Crawley 80
f by Newcastle—Donna del Lago ..... Mr. Herbert 430
f by Citadel—Precise ..... Mr. W. Day 50
f by Citadel—Tamarind ..... Mr. J. Day 300
f by Citadel—dam by Lanercost ..... Mr. Herbert 50
f by Exchequer—Light ..... Mr. Stephens 35
f by Cambuscan—Queen of the Isles ..... Mr. Herbert 210
f by Citadel—Cerintha ..... Mr. W. Day 110
c by Cambuscan—Dulcibella ..... Mr. Herbert 400
c by Citadel—Vanity ..... Mr. S. Smith 250
c by Newcastle—Lady Augusta ..... Captain Machell 600
c by Newcastle—Panacea ..... Mr. C. Rayner 60
c by Cambuscan—Cassiope ..... Mr. Lambert 230
c by Newcastle—How d'ye do ..... Mr. W. E. Jones 165

Horses in Training.

f by Cambuscan—Lady Augusta, 2 yrs ..... Mr. Bruce 220
f by Newcastle—Miss Grimston, 2 yrs Mr. Hetherington 100
f by Parmesan—Donna del Lago, 2 yrs ..... Mr. Bruce 350
f by Newcastle—How d'ye do, 2 yrs ..... Mr. Price 30
c by King Tom—Cerintha, 2 yrs ... Mr. T. V. Morgan 750
c by Citadel—dam by Lanercost, 2 yrs ..... Mr. York 160
c by Newcastle—Amorous, 2 yrs ..... Mr. Bruce 170
c by Citadel—Tamarind, 2 yrs ..... Mr. A. King 150
c by Orlando or St. Albans—Lady Palmerston Mr. R. Christopher 100
My Lady, 3 yrs, by Lambton—Little Lady Mr. M. Dawson 55
c by Citadel—Cassiope, 3 yrs ..... Mr. Forbes 160
Normanby, 3 yrs, by Thormanby—Emily Mr. J. Dawson 2000
Happy Thought, 5 yrs, by Thunderbolt—Rupee Mr. M. Dawson 135
f by Newcastle—Kromeski ..... Mr. Wright 15
c by Newcastle—Arabian mare ..... Mr. Rook 50

HORSES THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE F. WATT, ESQ.

After the sale of Lord Stamford's stud, the horses of the late Mr. F. Watt were put up, and all were sold. Strathnairn's nomination for the Goodwood Stakes having been made by Lord Annesley, was declared by Admiral Rous and General Peel to be good, notwithstanding Mr. Watt's death, but the engagements of the others are void, being in Mr. Watt's name.

Gs.
Strathnairn, 4 yrs, by Newminster—Souvenir. Mr. Potter 300
f by Thormanby—Souvenir, 2 yrs ..... Mr. Gregory 410
Byron, 2 yrs, by Skirmisher, dam by Van Galen Mr. Gregory 100
Thesaurus, 2 yrs, by Thormanby—Pet ..... Mr. York 140
Moccolo, 3 yrs, by Maccaroni—Linda ... Mr. W. Marshall 400

THE JOCKEY CLUB.

A general meeting of the Jockey Club will be held at Messrs. Weatherby's office, 6, Old Burlington-street, London, on Saturday, July 16, at one o'clock precisely, to take into consideration the report of the committee appointed on Wednesday, May 4. Notices of amendments to be moved:—Sir Joseph Hawley—"To add to No. 3 of the resolution of the committee the words 'and no plate, prize, or public money shall be given for any race to which two-yr-olds are admitted.' That in resolution No. 8, the 1st of July be fixed as the earliest day at which two-yr-olds may run." After the resolution on the subject of the publication of handicaps has been disposed of, Sir Joseph Hawley will move—"That no plate, prize, or public money shall be given for a handicap." Sir Joseph Hawley will also move the same resolution on the subject of play or pay betting that was moved by the late Lord Glasgow in 1855 and 1857, viz.—"It being notorious that the present system of play or pay betting gives facility and inducement to the commission of fraudulent practices, greatly injurious to the character and interests of the Turf, and that such practices are yearly on the increase, the Jockey Club recommend that hereafter no bets on horse-racing shall be considered play or pay; and the Club will in future decline to warn off the ground at Newmarket, or otherwise treat as defaulters, any persons who may be brought before them for refusing to pay bets lost on horses which have not started."

RACING FIXTURES.

JULY.

Pontefract	11	Isle of Man	14
Reading	12	Knutsford	15
Nottingham	12	Huntingdon	19
West Drayton	14	Kingsbury	21
Southampton	14	Goodwood	26

AUGUST.

Brighton	2	Lichfield	16
Tiverton	3	Stockton	17
Brighton Club	4	Oxford	18
Lewes	5	York	23
Leek	8	St. Albans	23
Egham	9	Plymouth	25
Wolverhampton	9	Scarborough	29
Windsor	11	Rainham	29
Paisley	11	Derby Summer	30
Radcliffe	12	Weymouth	30
Bromley	16	Liverpool	31

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick	6	Western Meeting (Ayr)	21
Abingdon	8	Hendon	22
Doncaster	13	Monmouth	22
Hampton Autumn	20	Newmarket 1st Oct.	27
Richmond	20	Lanark	29

OCTOBER.

Curragh	1	Perth	12
Bedford	4	Kelso	18
Edinburgh	5	Cheltenham Autumn	18
Leicester	6	Curragh	18
Bromley	6	Newmarket Houghton	24
Newmarket 2nd Oct.	10		

The owner of Sornette, M. Charles Lafitte (Major Fridolin), gave a very original banquet on Thursday week, to celebrate the carrying off by his mare of the Grand Prix de Paris. His stables at La Morlaye were converted into a dining hall, the panels of the horse boxes being taken up for the occasion to form the walls. Round this improvised *salle à manger* were hung flags, bearing the names of the many victors of the Fridolin stud. At the table on the dais there sat on the right hand of the host (what would Dean Close say?) the parson of the parish, and on his left was the mayor. At this same board were entertained all M. Charles Lafitte's trainers, with the wives and daughters of such of them as have any. The numerous jockeys in the employ of the great French prince of the Turf occupied a lower table by themselves. Of course, with the exception of the representatives of authority and religion who graced the festivity by their presence, the company was all English, or nearly so. It is familiar knowledge that when the winning of a great race by a French horse against English competitors is recorded, it only means that the winner belongs to a Frenchman, and was brought up upon French grass, oats, and hay. Without any exception, every French winner of the Grand Prix de Paris was a horse of English extraction, trained by an Englishman, and ridden by an English jockey. These are simple incontrovertible facts which need raise no patriotic bile in any quarter whatsoever. Wealthy Frenchmen possessing racehorses have proved over and over again the by no means wonderful fact that, by a judicious expenditure of their money, it is possible for a Frenchman to win a race against the best horse England can show, even if he were the winner of the Derby. But until the Grand Prix de Paris shall be won not only by a French horse, but by one trained by a Frenchman, and ridden by a French jockey, it is a mystification to say that France is the equal of England on the Turf.

CRICKET.

ETON *v.* HARROW.

This, the great event of the cricket cycle, and one of the most aristocratic gatherings of the London season, was inaugurated at Lord's, this morning, shortly after eleven o'clock. The weather was delightfully fine, and there was a large and fashionable concourse of spectators when the bell rang, which kept rapidly increasing during the morning. The ground was surrounded with a double cordon of ropes, and there were carriages flanking the pedestrian spectators, varying from five to ten deep all round the ground.

Play began at 11.5, and Eton, having won the toss, went in first, Longman and Tabor being the selected "bats," and Law and Macan the Harrow bowlers. When 19 runs had been put on, Longman's off stump was bowled down, and at 21, Tabor was caught in the slip. Rhodes and Rodger were next together, and several bowling changes were next instituted; but the score was steadily advanced to 82, when Rodger, who had contributed exactly one moiety of these, was bowled by a shooter, making way for the light blue captain, who with Rhodes kept the wickets intact till one o'clock, when the score stood as under:—

ETON.—FIRST INNINGS.

G. H. Longman, Esq., b Law	8
A. S. Tabor, Esq., c Parbury, b Macan	10
F. W. Rhodes, Esq., not out	15
J. P. Rodger, Esq., b Parbury	41
Hon. G. R. C. Harris, not out	3
Byes, 4; leg-byes, 2; wides, 2	8
Total	85

HALF-PAST TWO O'CLOCK.

Harris put together a dozen, and then Law prostrated his leg stump. Macan again began with another series of maiden overs, varying his pace and pitch constantly, so that the Etonians could not get him away. Underhand slows were tried at the Pavilion end, by Carnac, and in his first over, Rhodes, who had been in more than two hours, went in to drive a slow, and was easily stumped. Pickering kept up the character of the hitting, and made a couple of fours, one straight drive, the other to square leg. He then lost the companionship of Lord Clifton, whose leg stump was carried away by Crake, who had superseded Parbury when the score was at 140. Ridley joined Pickering, and as the hitting continued, other changes of bowling were tried, but up to the time that luncheon was called there was no change, except that the score had advanced to 176, as will be seen by the annexed score:—

ETON.—FIRST INNINGS.

G. H. Longman, Esq., b Law	8
A. S. Tabor, Esq., c Parbury, b Macan	10
F. W. Rhodes, Esq., run out	31
J. P. Rodger, Esq., b Parbury	41
Hon. G. R. C. Harris, b Law	12
Lord Clifton, b Crake	19
E. Pickering, Esq., b Macan	35
A. W. Ridley, Esq., not out	10
G. H. Cammell, Esq.	5
Hon. A. T. Lyttelton	2
M. A. Tollemache, Esq....	1
Byes, 6; leg-byes, 6; wides, 3	15
Total	189

FIVE O'CLOCK.

An immense number of visitors poured in during the time devoted to dinner, and there must have been from 12,000 to 14,000 spectators, including the usual large proportion of ladies. After luncheon, something like twenty minutes, during which 13 runs were added to the score, sufficed to see the end of the Eton innings, which culminated at 3.35 for 182 runs. Harrow began batting with Law and Lucas, Clifton and Causwell being the light blue bowlers. When the first decade was completed, Lucas's off stump was bowled, and a shooter shortly afterwards put an end to Law's career. With the score at 19, Harris took Cammell's end, and then a very splendid catch at slip got rid of Crake, making the third wicket for 23, whereat the shouting of the Light Blues was tremendous. Walker and Bailey now got together, and soon hit the total up to 47, when Cammell resumed with his left round-arm slows. There ought to have been a run out shortly after this, but the ball was very badly returned. The score was now steadily advanced, till 60 were posted shortly before five o'clock. At 62, Tollemache took up the bowling.

POLICE RAID ON A NEWMARKET GAMBLING HOUSE.

The police made a raid in force on a gambling-house at Newmarket, at midnight on Thursday. The police, under Superintendents Glassier and Steggles, apprehended 22 men in the act of playing hazard at the cottage of a man named John Taylor, situated in the Grosvenor-yard, Newmarket.

The names of the prisoners are Taylor, the proprietor of the cottage where the gambling was going on; Frank Kilsby, rowing man, Bramah-road, Brixton; Frederick Archer, clerk, 139, Kennington-road; Henry Collinson, 9, Windsor-road, Ealing; Walter Strong, clerk, 239, Goswell-road; George Piper, 1, Cross Exmouth-street, Leeds; Frank Horne, tipster, Albion-street, Newmarket; Daniel Fraser, 11, Elgin-terrace, Edgware-road; Thomas Welch, 15, Weymouth-street, New Kent-road; Robert Davis, 15, Wellington-place, St. Mark's-road, Notting-hill; George Ellis, publican, High-street, New-cross; Angel Ansell, 154, Quilter-street, Hackney-road; Edward Barley, 48, King's-road, Walworth; Thomas Lockyer, Lichfield-street, Soho; James Berry, 4, Frankland-terrace, Latimer-road, Wormwood Scrubbs, London; Michael Tansey, Wolverhampton; John Williams, coffee-house keeper, 15, Back Church-lane, London; Thomas Kateley, 20, Grafton-place, Euston-square; Henry Meagers, 15, Catherine-street, Strand; Charles Spinks, 83, Christian-street, Commercial-road, East; John Robinson, 52, Thurlow-road, Kensington-road; and Henry Taylor, Leopard coffee-house, High-street, Borough, London.

The men were placed in two omnibuses, and are now on their way to Mildenhall, where they are to come before the magistrates. Two of the party escaped.

HOUSE OF LORDS APPEAL, JULY 7.

[Before the LORD CHANCELLOR, Lord WESTBURY, and Lord COLONSAY.]

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE (APPELLANT), and ROBERT MORRIS (RESPONDENT).

This case came before their lordships on a special case, and it involved the question whether a peer of the realm, enjoying the privileges of Parliament, and a non-trader, is subject to an adjudication of bankruptcy under the Bankruptcy Act, 1861. The facts are these: In 1869 the respondent filed his petition in the Court of Bankruptcy, alleging as a ground for such adjudication of bankruptcy that the Duke had resided for six months next preceding the date of the petition at 18, Carlton House-terrace and at Clumber Park, Notts, and was indebted to the respondent in a sum exceeding £50, and had committed an act of bankruptcy. This petition was dismissed by Mr. Commissioner Winslow. The respondent thereupon appealed to the Court of Chancery, and Lord Justice Giffard discharged the order of the Commissioner, and remitted the petition back for hearing. Subsequently the Chief Judge in Bankruptcy decided that the appellant became bankrupt within the true intent and meaning of the law of bankruptcy before the filing of the petition. This order was confirmed by the Lord Justice, but appended to his lordship's judgment was the following certificate: "I, the Lord Justice Giffard, hereby certify that I deem the matter of law or equity brought before me by the motion of the said Henry Pelham Alexander Pelham Clinton, Duke of Newcastle, to be of sufficient difficulty and importance to require the decision of your lordships' House, and I have approved of the special case and the question thereunder written to be submitted to the decision of your lordships."

At the conclusion of the appellant's case, their lordships, without calling upon the counsel for the respondent, dismissed the appeal, the Lord Chancellor observing that the case of the appellant had been most ingeniously argued by Mr. Reed; but the ground upon which he had gone, viz., the privilege of Parliament, rested upon a very unsound foundation. His lordship then proceeded at great length to comment upon the Acts of Parliament bearing upon the law of bankruptcy, and also the cases which had been referred to during the argument, and eventually moved their lordships that the appeal be dismissed.

Appeal dismissed accordingly.

Sir Roundell Palmer, Q.C., and Mr. Reed appeared for the appellant, and Mr. De Gex, Q.C., Mr. Serjeant Sargood, and Mr. Bagley for the respondent.

The editor of a Chicago children's paper received a letter from a lady subscriber, who writes, "Our little Anna died last week, after receiving the last number of your valuable paper." Parties who have more children than they want, should subscribe to that periodical.

Fun of the Day.

(From *Punch*.)

THE ECHOES OF KILLARNEY.

Captious Lady Tourist. — Boatman, why *do* you play that air out of tune?

Boatman.—Musha, me lady, how can I help it? Shure, that 's the way the fairies play it on the mountains! Jist listen to thim!

ILLUSTRATION FOR A COPY-BOOK.—Procrastination picking *Time's* pockets.

THE PREVAILING WIND AT THE NORE.—Nore-Nore-East.

THE RIGHT PLACE.—Antiquaries and historians are agreed that in ancient Babylon all the executions took place in the hanging gardens.

ADVICE TO PERSONS WHO HAVE "FALLEN IN LOVE."—Fall out.

(From *Fun*.)

SAVAGE AND UNPROVOKED ASSAULT.

First Matron.—Your doll looks very poorly, Jemima?

Second ditto.—Yes, dear! I think it frets a great deal about Alfred; he knocked one of its eyes out last week, and it lost a great deal of sawdust, and hasn't been the same doll since!

CELTIC.—Like all scientific progress, salmon culture—or keltivation—reveals facts that throw doubt upon matters that have been accepted without question for years. For instance, Mr. Frank Buckland has more than once described an unmistakeable Kelt as a perfect Pict-ure.

CHAMPAGNE-FUL DISCLOSURE.—What will tee-total naturalists say to this? A fish has been landed at Portsmouth with a champagne bottle in his stomach. Talk about a man's drinking like a fish! The most confirmed toper never tries to swallow the bottle as well as the liquor. We wonder what the brand was—Fishing Rod-erer?

A WRETCH.—A brute of a bachelor, on being informed that "marriages are made in heaven," said he wished that a prohibitive duty had prevented their export from the place of their manufacture.

(From *Punch and Judy*.)

ABSTEMIOUS.

(Scene—Country House.)

Host.—Why, you 're surely not going to bed yet, Captain? We 're going to have prayers presently.

Captain.—Aw, yes, thanks very much. I never take anything after dinner.

IN A NEW CHARACTER.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, we are told by the papers, "smiled sweetly" when the Undergraduates hissed him last week at Oxford. We suppose that he has recently gone through a course of manners and deportment under the able instruction of Mr. Ayrton. One paper even says that he "bowed gracefully!" We take it that he "*bobbed low!*"

NONSENSE.—A friend of ours, who is fond of all things connected with the Turf, says that "yearlings" ought to be sold at the auction mart in Norton *Foal*-gate!

A VEAL-ANOUS CONUNDRUM.—What sweet herb does the dinner hour resemble? The lemon thyme (the thyme for stuffing).

MEDICAL.—Gout, we take it, is an aristocratic disease!

The mystery of the art of aërostation, which has puzzled some very clever scientific men for years, has been solved by one of the lower animals: our cat eats blackbeetles and *flies!*

(From *Judy*.)

PLEASANT—VERY!

Accounts from Wisconsin state that "the Oneida Indians have organised a brass band, and purchased twenty-five wind instruments." They have, no doubt, also retired into the depths of the primeval forest to practise; and it is to be hoped they will enjoy themselves. Music, we know, hath charms to soothe the savage breast, and twenty-five trombones blown by twenty-five noble savages, none of whom know a note of music, must be one of the most soothing things that could possibly be listened to.

Subject to fits—Poole (tailor).

A soldier was so injured by the bursting of a shell, that he actually took up his quarters in different parts of the town.

It 's very profitable just now *turning* cows into fields.

One of the few farms where the rinderpest would be hailed with delight—A baby farm.

Why they should not require lunatic asylums at the capital of Spain—Because it 's Mad-rid.

A cricket match between the Upper Mitcham Early Rising Association v. Lower Mitcham Peep o' Day Club, will be played on Lower Mitcham-green, on Wednesday morning, July 13. Wickets to be pitched at 3.30 a.m. Play to commence at four o'clock precisely. Stumps to be drawn at seven o'clock. Cocks and larks are invited to attend.

Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Prospective Arrangements. THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 9 (second time these two years), Auber's Opera, LE DOMINO NOIR. Angela, Madame Pauline Lucca (her second appearance in that character); Brigida, Mdlle. Madigan; Giacinta, Signor Cotogni; Lord Elfort, Signor Tagliafico; Gil Perez, Signor Ciampi; and Orazio, Signor Naudin.

Last Week but One of the Season. The Opera will close on Saturday, July 23.

Extra Night.—On Monday Next, July 11, I PURITANI. Madame Adelina Patti, Mdlle. Locatelli, Signor Graziani, Signor Bagagiolo, and Signor Vizzani.

On Tuesday Next, July 12 (for the last time this season), LE NOZZE DI FIGARO. Cherubino, Madame Pauline Lucca (her last appearance but one this season); Susanna, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Titiens.

Extra Night.—Benefit of Madame Pauline Lucca.—On Thursday Next, July 14, for the benefit of Madame Pauline Lucca, on which occasion will be performed Mozart's Opera, DON GIOVANNI. Donna Anna, Mdlle. Titiens; Don Giovanni, Signor Graziani; Don Ottavio, Signor Mario; and Zerlina, Madame Pauline Lucca (her first appearance in that character in England, and her last appearance this season).

On Saturday Next, July 16 (for the first time these four years), Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, L'ETOILE DU NORD. Catarina, Madame Adelina Patti (her first appearance in that character).

The Opera commences at half-past Eight.

A GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place in the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, THIS DAY (Saturday), supported by all the principal artistes of the Royal Italian Opera.

The doors will be opened at 1.15; the concert to commence at two, and terminate about 4.30. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 5s.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—Prospective Arrangements.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 9, (second time in England), Ambroise Thomas's Opera, in four acts, MIGNON. The libretto by MM. Michele Carré and G. Barbier; the Italian translation by Signor Guiseppe Zaffira. Guglielmo, Signor Bettini; Lotario, M. Faure; Laerte, Signor Gassier; Giarno, Signor Ragueri; Zingarella, Mdlle. Fioretti; Frederico, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Filina, Madame Volpini; and Mignon, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Tuesday, July 12, Rossini's Opera, OTELLO. Otello, Signor Mongini; Roderigo, Signor Gardoni; Iago, M. Faure (his third appearance in that character); Elmiro, Signor Foli; Emilia, Mdlle. Cari; and Desdemona, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Wednesday, July 13, RIGOLETTO. Il Duca, Signor Mongini; Rigoletto, Mr. Santley; Sparafucile, Signor Foli; Monterone, Signor Ragueri; Marullo, Signor Zoboli; Borsa, Signor Archinti; Cipriani, Signor Trevero; La Contessa, Mdlle. Briani; Giovanna, Madame Corsi; Maddalena, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Gilda, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska.

On Thursday, July 14, a favourite Opera, in which Mdlle. Christine Nilsson will appear.

Wednesday, July 20, a Morning Performance, when will be given Gounod's Opera, FAUST. Faust, Signor Perotti (his first appearance); Mephistopheles, M. Faure; Valentino, Mr. Santley; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Acting Manager, Mr. Jarrett.

Doors open at eight o'clock; the opera will commence at half-past. The Box-office of the theatre is open daily from ten to five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI. Every Evening, Charles Reade's famous drama, PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. Triumph of reality. The real forge, illuminating with its fire the deserted church of Cairnhope. Mr. H. Neville, Mrs. Leigh-Murray, Miss M. Young, Miss R. Erskine. At 9.45, THE ROBUST INVALID. Mr. Vining, Messrs. Sinclair, Kyrle, Pearce, Worboys; Misses Florence Terry, Constance Georgi, P. Glover, and Mrs. Seymour.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.

GAIETY.—PERFECT VENTILATION.

GAIETY.—Open 6.30; begin 7; close 11.—7.0, Operetta, ROSE OF AUVERGNE. Miss Constance Loseby, Mr. Perrini, Mr. Bracy.

GAIETY.—7.45, COURIER OF LYONS.

GAIETY.—Drama, by CHARLES READE, in three acts. This play was one of the most popular in the repertory of the late Charles Kean, and is revived with the kind permission of Mrs. Charles Kean.

GAIETY.—Mr. HERMANN VEZIN as Dubosc and Lesurques.

GAIETY.—Mr. Atkins as Choppard; Miss E. Farren as Joliquet; Mr. Soutar as Couriol; Mr. Maclean as Dorval; and full company.

GAIETY.—10, LINDA OF CHAMOUNI.—Operatic Extravaganza by Alfred Thompson.

GAIETY.—Miss E. FARREN, Miss Loseby, Miss Tremaine, Mr. Perrini. Full Company, Ballet, and Chorus.

GAIETY.—Prices 6d. to 2 guineas. No fees.—Box-office open ten to five.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, the COOLEST in LONDON.—Average temperature, 68 Fahrenheit. Box-office, 11 to 6.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—LAST SEVEN NIGHTS of the SEASON, in consequence of Mrs. John Wood's Engagements at the Standard Theatre and in the Provinces.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mrs. JOHN WOOD as PHŒBE in "Paul Pry," and H.R.H. the PRINCESS POCAHONTAS in "La Belle Sauvage," EVERY EVENING.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—TO-NIGHT, at 7.30, PAUL PRY (18th time). Mrs. John Wood, Misses Larkin and Maggie Brennan; Messrs. Lionel Brough, A. Young, Shore, and William Farren. At 9.45, LA BELLE SAUVAGE (191st time). Mrs. John Wood, Misses Turner and Everard; Messrs. Barton Hill, Young, and Lionel Brough. Carriages 11.15.

HOLBORN AMPHITHEATRE.—The ETHESCOPE. Evenings at eight o'clock. Wednesdays and Saturdays at three and eight. Open at 7.30 and 2.30. Boxes, £1 1s., £3 3s.; circle, 5s., and 3s.; chairs, 2s.; pit, 1s. No charge for booking.

AMPHITHEATRE, Holborn.—The ETHESCOPE has become the talk of London. The whole press refer to its wonderful effects, and visitors are taken completely by surprise. No illusory entertainment ever seen can be compared to the Ethescope.

QUEEN'S.—"TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—143rd time.—Received each evening with overwhelming approbation by crowded audiences.—Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 5s.; box stalls (bonnets allowed), 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

QUEEN'S.—Mr. and Mrs. ROUSBY, EVERY EVENING, in 'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN. "A most enthusiastic success."—Times. "Unqualified success."—The Daily Telegraph. "Complete success."—Standard.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—LITTLE EM'LY.—Revival (by general desire) of the great Olympic Drama, LITTLE EM'LY, adapted by Andrew Halliday from "David Copperfield," the favourite work of the late Charles Dickens, produced under the sole direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—LITTLE EM'LY.—The Ark on the Sands, and Canterbury Cathedral. Peggotty, Mr. George Belmore.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—LITTLE EM'LY at 8.0.—The Wreck, the Ship Struck by Lightning, the Emigrant's Farewell. Mr. Micawber, Mr. David Fisher.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—UNDINE, THIS EVENING (Saturday) July 9, at half-past nine. Startling effects, gorgeous dresses, beautiful music; new songs by R. Reece, F. W. Taylor, Winterbottom, and G. W. Martin.

UNDINE.—The much admired story of Fouqué has been adapted to the stage by R. Reece, and will be produced THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 9, with grand spectacular effects by Messrs. J. Johnson, Geo. Gordon, F. Perkins, &c., under the immediate superintendence of Mrs. W. H. Liston.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—TO-NIGHT, A FISH OUT OF WATER; the elegant comedy. A SCHOOL FOR COQUETTES, and the great burlesque, THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD. In active preparation, and will shortly be produced, the celebrated comedy, "The School for Scandal." Notice.—This Theatre has been entirely re-decorated and ventilated. Box-office open daily. Prices from 6d. to £1 2s.

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